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MAINE FARMER.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

RENOVATING OLD PEAR TREES.

It is known to most people that many of the old varieties of pears have been considered, to use a common phrase, "run out." The fruit on these trees—the St. Michel, for instance—is very scarce, and of poor quality. By many they have been given over, and ceased to be cultivated.

Downing, the author of "fruits and fruit trees of America," suggests to a friend that the cause of this depreciation was this: The peculiar elements necessary to form the pear, had become exhausted from the soil, and the tree in fact had nothing to make fruit of.

A correspondent in the November number of the Horticulturist, over the signature of J. B. W., of New York, gives an account of his mode of renewing the health and vigor of one of these exhausted trees, according to the mode recommended by Downing.

The writer says that in October, 1843, he took in hand two large, thrifty, vigorous pear trees, that were twenty or thirty feet high. He scraped off all the rough bark, and coated the trunk of the tree over with soft soap, put on with a paint brush. He then cut out one-third of all the poorest branches, and shortened the head of the tree one-third, by heading back the principal limbs, covering the wounds with shell-lac solution.* He then dug a trench four feet wide, around the ball of the roots, very much as if he were going to transplant it. A ball of the roots about six feet in diameter, were left untouched. All the roots that extended beyond this ball, were cut off, thus reducing the roots about as much as the branches had been reduced.

This trench was four feet wide and twenty inches deep. He then put in an equal quantity of fresh soil, from a good pasture, where the sod had not been broken for many years. He then applied to each tree two bushels of cinders from a blacksmith's forge, two bushels of charcoal pretty well broken, and two pounds of potash well pulverized. All these were well intermixed, by spading over several times. The next summer the trees grew luxuriantly, and formed new and handsome heads—the summer following they blossomed moderately, and the succeeding season they bore a fine crop of excellent fruit.

From this experiment a hint may be derived, not only in renovating pear trees, but other decayed fruit trees.

A friend mentioned to us the other day, that one of his apple trees, an old tree—a seedling which had borne fruit for many years, and the parent of an excellent variety—had changed; it not only did not bear so well but the apples were different in their properties from what they were formerly. No doubt the peculiar nutriment which the tree requires has become exhausted from the soil, and the poor tree has no material to make up into a good crop of apples.

Downing observes that the salts of iron, especially the sulphate of iron, (common copperas) has a specific action upon the disease which attacks, in unfavorable soils or climate, the epidermis of the pear and other plants, both on the leaf and fruit.

Most people expect their orchards to produce large crops of hay or plenty of pasture, and a good crop of apples besides. The soil will do this for a certain time, and then becoming exhausted, the apples fail, or become small, crabbed and scabby. You have been carrying off, for many years perhaps, the essential parts of the soil, in the shape of hay and apples, and returning nothing to keep up the crop. You might with as much propriety expect to take pork from your pork barrel forever and ever, without putting any more into it, as to think a fruit tree can give you fruit forever without your replenishing the soil in which it grows.

*Shell-lac dissolved in alcohol, or in other words, shell-lac varnish, an excellent thing for this use. [Ed.]

HEDGES. The native thorn, (*Crataegus Crugalis*) sometimes called cockspur thorn, and further South, called New Castle thorn, makes an excellent hedge. The seeds are difficult to manage, but if you should gather them now, put them into sealing water, and let them lie until cold and plant them immediately. Many of them will come up next spring. Some of them will not vegetate until the following season. They may be sown in a box and kept in an exposed situation. The seeds of evergreens may, as soon as ripe, be sown in a box, and left exposed until spring, when they will vegetate.

We think our cedar would make an admirable evergreen hedge.

Beech nuts may be gathered and sown now. Cover them slightly. The beech, if kept headed down, will grow bushy, and its branches will present an almost impenetrable barrier to hogs and cattle. It is a hardy and long-lived tree.

QUEEN ANNE. Mr. Hill, at Stall 107 and 109, has some beautiful apples known by the name of "Queen Anne." They are shaped something like the "Porter Apple," and are of a fine lively red skin on yellow ground. They taste and look richly in color, and are just the thing to follow the Porter for a fall apple, being now sound and solid. Mr. H. will procure acions of them, if ordered. We speak for some of the acions now.

[Mass. Ploughman.]
And we speak for a dozen more. [Ed. M. F.]

CALICO. It is said that this word originated from the word calicut or calcutta, because figured cottons were first brought from Calcutta.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1846.

NO. 47.

SEEDLING APPLES IN MAINE. We continue to receive assurances that the subject of a pomological society in this State, is favorably considered by those who have paid attention to the rearing of fruits. The object of such a society will be—1st, to collect together all the valuable seedling apples that have originated in the State, give accurate descriptions of them—name those that have not been named, and bring them into notice. 2d, to collect facts and specimens of new fruits that have originated abroad and bid fair to be useful and profitable with us. 3d, to collect and disseminate knowledge in regard to the proper and most improved modes of cultivating and preserving fruits; and 4th, to afford opportunities for the farmers, orchardists, nurserymen, and gardeners, to meet together and become acquainted with each other, and strengthen their love and respect for each other by an interchange of social civilities.

LABELS FOR TREES AND PLANTS. The editor of the Magazine of Horticulture says, in his last number, that zinc, coated with a thin surface of paint made of white lead, oil, spirits and copal varnish, rather thin, so as to just cover it, slightly sandpapered when dry, and then written upon with a lead pencil, will last for years. A whole sheet of zinc may be so covered and then cut up as wanted.

HENROOST PHILOSOPHY.

It used to be a remark of an old friend, that "every reasonable thing was founded on reason," and every reasonable person knows that there is no small judgment and philosophy, as well as kindness and patience, necessary in successfully rearing poultry. We have never seen the whole system so neatly and comprehensively laid down as in the following manner by Mrs. Dakin, in the Poughkeepsie Journal.

MANAGEMENT OF POULTRY.

Hens.—1st. Provide a warm, dry shelter for winter.

2d. Feed with oats, soaked for 12 hours in warm water before feeding.

3d. Burn clam shells and pound fine; let them have as many as they can eat, and you may have eggs from January to December.

From 30 hens I have gathered this year 3,522 eggs by the 10th of September, and raised 200 chickens.

I manage my chickens by feeding oats and rye ground, two bushels of oats to one of rye. Keep them in a warm shelter at night.

N. B. To prevent the pip or gapes, change the male every year, and your chickens will be healthy.

Turkeys.—1st. Feed the same as hens, and let them hatch their young ones any time after the 20th of May.

2d. Feed the young ones oats and rye ground wet with milk curd, and occasionally sprinkle a little powdered clam shell lime with the feed; if cold and wet weather, sprinkle a little black pepper with their food.

3d. Make warm and dry shelters to brood in nights, and keep them from the wet and dew until the sun shines warm.

4th. Feed but little the first twenty-four hours after they are hatched. By this management I can raise nine out of ten.

Be sure and change the tom turkey every year.

Raising Goslings.—1st. Have them hatch as early as the first of May if possible. Make dry, warm places for their nests.

2d. Feed the young goslings with corn meal; put one teaspoonful of salt in a pint of meal; wet the feed with milk.

3d. Let them have access to water in pleasant weather.

4th. Keep them at night in a warm, dry shelter.

By this management I can raise 49 out of 50.

Ducks.—Feed ducks the same as goslings. In this way I have raised fifty-two young ones from two old ducks in one year.

North East, Oct. 5, '46. SARAH DAKIN.

AMMONIA, AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

DEAR SIR.—Now that the evenings are long and the grain mostly threshed, we may expect to hear from many farmers of those who have the past season tested the efficacy of ammonia on seed grain. We thank you, Doctor, for reminding us of our duty. My success with that chemical stimulant has been so partial that I have wished to defer the report till I had heard from others; but having waited till others beside myself have become impatient with the delay, such as I have I now give you.

My first experiment for the season was with a bushel of oats. I steeped fifty-two hours in a liquid made with one pound of carbonate of ammonia and one pint of gypsum in six gallons of water, and sowed on the 9th of May. And for this experiment I have only to add, that not one grain ever sprouted. My next trial was with four bushels of wheat, soaked in the same manner as the oats—a part remaining in a steep fourteen hours, and the remainder continued eighteen hours. I sowed on the 23d of May, one bushel to the acre, in three small lots, the tillage varying from the best to the worst—and sowed on the corner of each lot a few quarts of dry wheat. Soaked a bushel of oats six hours in the liquid remaining after soaking the wheat, and sowed on the same ground sowed on the 9th.

Then carried the wash still remaining to the potato field, and put it on the seed when dropped, a half pint to a hill. We saw no more of it, nor its effects. The oats last sowed came up much stronger and yielded better than the balance of the field sowed earlier, with dry seed. A part of the apparent difference should be credited to the extra harrowing. The difference in each piece of wheat was distinctly marked between the dry seed and the steeped. Though the difference was less than in that of my similar experiment of last year. We threshed a portion of the wheat at the harvest, and it produced thirteen from one—while, considering the state of the ground, was a great crop. The best is not yet

threshed. A great number of farmers in this county have tried the pound manure the past season, and with a result that is a caution for children to not play with fire. Some from not remembering to use the gypsum, and others not having the knowledge or faith in the saving efficacy of such a chemical combination, dissolved the carbonate alone in water, and in many or in all cases to the destruction of the seed.

Now it is of some importance to the State that the results of this whole business should be collected and weighed. Not that volumes need be written upon it; but that the facts should so accumulate in the Doctor's office that good may be gleaned from it.

I have full faith that great advantages will result from the use of the stimulant when its nature and power are better understood, and when experiment shall have marked the line of safety.

Do we not fail by using too small a quantity of gypsum? Has not the power to neutralize the caustic property of the ammonia when taken in proper proportion? Has any one used two quarts of gypsum to one pound of ammonia?

When all the light is developed, and we conclude to carry the matter into the next campaign, I hope our craft will practice their nine-penny worth of wisdom, and not try to buy their ammonia at seed time, as we dislike of all things to see so small a game played as putting the article up fifty per cent. at the starting of one screw.

Yours, very sincerely, C. C. Fozcroft, Nov. 2d, '46.

CUTTING OFF POTATOE TOPS—CORN VS. POTATOES—HIRING HELP.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

I perceive by your paper, that S. Redington of Vassalboro', was successful in preventing the ravages of the potato rot, by clipping the tops. I am glad to hear of one instance, and wish I could add that my own experiments had been equally successful.

Soon after the blight began to appear upon the leaves of the potatoes, I began to mow the tops; and before the disease had, apparently, made any impression upon the stalks, they were all cut off, except a few rows in different parts of the piece, which were purposely left. When we dug them, although but little affected anywhere, we could perceive no difference in the appearance of the potatoes on the uncultivated, from those on the part where the tops were cut. The potatoes were poorer in quality and less in quantity than they were formerly. I noticed that the rust began in a small sag, which ran through the middle of the piece, and it advanced in this place, more rapidly than elsewhere. A narrow strip on one end of the piece, was planted later than the other part, and not matured. This did not rust so early or badly as the matured portion.

Another piece, on an adjoining lot, not ten rods distant, was not attacked till a week after mine—soil and elevation alike. We threw out about six bushels in a hundred, which were affected.

I perceive that several of your contributors are comparing potatoes with corn. Near a market, no doubt, potatoes are a good crop. But in the interior, raising potatoes for swine, is very poor business. I satisfied myself by experiments some time since, that a man must be a very careful manager who could make potatoes neat him twelve cents a bushel, in the way of raising pork.

The article of Philo headed *Corn vs. Potatoes* in your paper of Oct. 23, does not bear, in all its parts, the impress of one practically acquainted with "hoeing" or even "pulling up weeds by hand." With regard to pulling up corn by the roots, at harvesting, I can only say, that I tried it once—that I found it more laborious than cutting with the sickle—and that although some cattle might like to eat dirt, mine wouldn't eat a peck at once; but would go hungry rather than swallow such fodder.

Estimating the average corn crop at 100 bushels per acre is a great way in advance of the age; 30 or 40 will come nearer the practical average—taking things as they are, and not as they ought to be. I am somewhat sceptical of the practicability of ever making the corn crop average 100 bushels. I don't, however, question the statement that such crops have been raised, and may be again. But if we go to the extreme, on one side, in comparing one crop with another, it is but common justice that we proceed to the same point on the other. 700 or 800 bushels of potatoes have been raised on an acre; and no sensible, practical farmer in the region of the Kennebec, will deny that 500 or 600 bushels cannot be raised on an acre, as easily as 100 bushels of corn. My own observation leads me to say that five bushels of potatoes can be raised with about the same labor as will be required to produce one of corn.

Now, although I am glad to see people paying better attention to the corn crop, I still wish to give the potatoe fair play; and not rush with a perfect mania from one extreme to the other. I am satisfied that it is better husbandry to raise potatoes for neat stock rather than for hogs. A few potatoes, daily, through the winter, with the dry fodder, will tell upon almost any horned beast.

Mr. Editor, how many of your readers are aware that two hogs properly supplied with materials, will, in a year, make manure enough to dress one acre of corn, liberally? Tell them to keep a good eye to the hog yard, as well as the barn yard.

HIRING HELP. Farmers generally say their farms will not enable them to hire help—that it is hard work to make them pay six per cent on the cost, besides taxes, and the expense of cultivation. Now, is this really a fact, or do these men make such crude calculations, or none at all, and cannot really tell what are the profits of their business?

If a farmer is free of debt and has the means of paying expenses for a year to come, so that he shall not be obliged to sacrifice his crop in a dull market, I know of no reason why the farmer may not hire all needful help, as well as people pursuing other avocations.

Last winter, I purchased a farm at a price which was generally considered exorbitant—in a very ordinary state of cultivation, and not in the state of preparation for the coming crop, which is usually made by the farmer who does not intend to sell.

Circumstances impelled me to carry on the farm wholly by means of hired help; and I find that the crop after paying taxes, (and heavy ones too) for labor, board, and all other expenses, leaves a neat income of twelve per cent. Besides, the farm is better supplied with manure and in better condition, than when I took it; and I make no account of the hay crop—leaving that to be converted into manure also. Now, if I choose to spend this income, one half of it, or double the amount, in family expenses, it is altogether another affair. My object, now, being to show the returns from the land.

November, 1846.

FATTENING HOGS.

It has been demonstrated that in fattening hogs, a great saving of food is made by cooking; and we believe that a very considerable improvement in the quality of pork is likewise effected by that process. From experience, we should altogether prefer pork, either for eating fresh or for salting, that had been fattened on dairy-slops, with cooked potatoes, pumpkins, or apples, mixed while hot with a portion of meal, either of corn, rye, barley, oats and peas, or buckwheat. We know the idea is prevalent that the best pork is made from "hard corn and cold water;" some, indeed, who allow their hogs vegetables and slops during the first part of their fattening, confine them wholly to corn for a short time before they are killed, in order, as they say, to "harden" the pork. We are convinced this is erroneous. In the western part of the country, where in many cases nothing but corn is fed to hogs from the time they are able to swallow it till they are slaughtered, the pork is notoriously more oily, and not as well tasted as that which is made in sections where a variety of food is used.

In feeding store swine, the advantage of cooked food is not so obvious. The digestive organs can manage a small quantity of raw food, even though it be Indian corn, and are probably able to extract the nutriment fully from it; but if the raw food is increased beyond a certain amount, it will not be thoroughly digested. We have heard it argued that if it were necessary to restrict hogs to a short allowance, it would be best to give the food raw, because the longer time required for its digestion, kept the animals longer free from the pangs of hunger. It must be a belief similar to this, or the result of actual experience, which induces the Irish people, (according to Mr. COLMAN,) to cook their potatoes so slightly as to "leave a stone in the middle." We confess the idea is not to us unreasonable. But when it is wished to fatten animals it becomes an object to have them consume as great a quantity of food daily as can be perfectly digested, because the sooner they consume a given amount, the greater will be the proportion of flesh or fat accumulated. Cooking does the work, in part, of digestion, and by thus assisting the functions of the animal, enables it to dispose of a larger quantity, while at the same time, it is disposed in the manner most profitable to the feeder.

From the middle of September to the middle of November, the pumpkin is one of the best articles of food for hogs which the farmer can have. By the way, we deem the pumpkin crop one of the most profitable that can be grown. For the production of rich butter, we know of nothing equal to it, and it comes in just when there is usually a deficiency of grass-feed. For fully two months they may be used to excellent advantage and with little trouble. For cows it is only required to cut them and feed them in their mangers, or break them in pieces on clean sward ground. For hogs they should be boiled in as little water as will answer to cook them, and when soft they should be mashed fine, and about one-fourth of their bulk of meal intimately mixed in. Good, ripe, sweet pumpkins, cooked in this way, with a little water or skimmed milk, will make hogs fatten as fast as any food we have ever used.

But hogs, like other animals, require a variety of food; they will not do as well confined to one kind, however good it may be; it is best, therefore, to vary their diet frequently, or to incorporate several articles into a mass, occasionally changing the relative proportions.

Hogs should be kept dry and comfortably warm, while being fattened. They should be fed in clean troughs, and the appetite should be so closely watched that no food is given them to be left from one meal to another. Nothing should be omitted which will promote their quietude, for on this greatly depends the accumulation of fat. The nervous system has such a connexion with the secretory organs, that an animal which is constantly restless cannot be fattened.

A plentiful supply of charcoal should be allowed to hogs while fattening; it is a good preventive against dyspepsia, a disease which is not confined wholly to the highest order of animals. The coal corrects the acidity of the stomach, and greatly promotes digestion. [Albany Cult.]

MAKING PRESERVES. To Preserve Quinces whole. Select the largest and fairest quinces, (as the poorer ones will answer for jelly.) Take out the cores and pare them. Boil the quinces in water till tender. Take them out separately on a platter. To each pound of quinces allow a pound of sugar. Make the syrup, then boil the quinces in the syrup till clear.

To preserve Apples. Take only tart and well flavored apples, peel, and take out the cores without dividing them, and then parboil them. Make the syrup with the apple water, allowing three quarters of a pound of white sugar to every pound of apples, and boil some lemon peel and juice in the syrup. Pour the syrup, while boiling, on to the apples, turn them gently while cooking, and only let the syrup simmer, as hard boiling breaks the fruit. Take it out when the apple is tender through. At the end of a week boil them once more in the syrup. [Ex.]

"HASH."
A "hash," well and properly prepared and compounded, is most excellent; but otherwise done, is "most tolerable and not to be endured," as Dogberry hath it. In the hope of enlightening our readers upon a most important branch of domestic economy, we publish the following, from an obliging correspondent, begging him, if he brings such excellent fare, to call again.—He tells us that the receipt was procured during a long sea voyage, when the cook, who, as long as there was fresh beef on board, treated the cabin to the most excellent compound, "morning, noon, and night." [Nen's Gazette.]
Now listen all ye matrons, who would save your husband's cash,
And are willing, on a washing day, to dine on savoury hash,
And save yourselves the trouble of roasting and of boiling,
And the fear that each and every dish is in the course of spoiling,
I'll teach you, with economy, you may save your scraps of meat
That are left from Sunday dinners, and make a hash complete.
Take beef that has been roasted, and rather underdone,
And cut it take off all the fat, the skin, and every bone,
Then cut it up in pieces, see no cartilage remains,
Pick out each little piece of bone, and all the stringy veins,
And pound it in a mortar, or with sharp chopping knife
Mince it like meat in winter, when Christmas pies are ripe.
Now boil some white potatoes, which, having washed with care,
You must pass them through a wire sieve, to see no lumps are there,
Then mix them with your minced meat, and rub through
Some little bits of butter, which well in flour you roll;
Or you may use the dripping that oozes from the roast,
Which every good and careful cook takes care shall not be lost.
Now season well with pepper, with salt, a little sage,
And cayenne, but for this spice your own taste must be the gauge.
You may chop a little onion, or chives, to give it zest,
The taste of your own family, of course, you know the best;
Some much dislike an onion, or shallot, in their food,
You may leave them out with safety—'tis equally as good.
Your hash now being seasoned, you turn it in a plate,
And smooth and flour it o'er the top, and set before the grate.
Or place it in an oven, 'till handsomely 'tis browned,
And send it to the table hot,—a nice dish 'twill be found.
If any other meat you have, as mutton, veal, or lamb,
'Twill answer equally as well if minced up with some ham.

We copy the following "Bird's eye view" of the hog tribe from the Albany Cultivator. The Editor, S. Howard, Esq., has had much experience in breeding swine. We are indebted to him for the introduction of the Bedford Breed into Maine, and we verily believe they were the best that we ever had. [Ed.]

BREEDS OF SWINE.
In an article in our last, in which we spoke of the Berkshire breed of swine, we stated that two classes of hogs should be kept in the country: "one for supplying the market with meat for eating fresh, and for affording fine, delicate meat for families; the other for making heavy, fat pork for barrelling, &c." We propose now to make some further remarks in reference to the subject, and to speak of the breeds best adapted to these purposes.

In our cities and large towns, an immense amount of pork is consumed in a fresh state. For this purpose, small hogs are much better adapted than large ones. They should be small-boned, not over fat, but meaty, plump, fine-grained pigs, weighing, dressed, from forty to a hundred pounds. It is of great consequence, also, that they should be varieties which give good flavored, or well-tasted meat. There is a vast difference in swine in this respect, though some persons through ignorance or prejudice, will not acknowledge it. We recollect having once spoken to an extensive farmer on this subject, who, with a most incredulous leer, replied—"Why, pork is pork!" He had probably never tasted any but the coarse shabby pork from such hogs as he kept himself. But there are people who know that there is a great difference in pork. We have seen that, the lean of which, when roasted, was almost as white as the breast of a turkey, and at the same time had a fineness of grain and richness of flavor not possessed by any other meat.

The breeds which are thought best suited for the fresh-meat market, are the black Essex, the black Sussex, the Suffolk, the Norfolk, the Neapolitan, and the medium-sized Berkshire, or crosses of these.

Of the black Sussex, Mr. HENRY PARSONS, now of Lancaster, Canada West, imported some which were kept for some time near Massillon, Ohio. They were small-boned, round-bodied stock, which matured at about a year old, and would weigh when fattened at that age, 250 to 300 lbs. When fed on dairy slop, they would weigh 200 lbs. at eight months old. Their flesh was decidedly the finest, whitest, and best flavored of any which the writer ever tasted. A cross of these and the Berkshires produced some very good stock. The Sussex were long in the rump, with closely coupled and rather arched backs, which served to improve these points which in the Berkshires were sometimes very defective.

The Essex breed seems to be closely allied to the above but have probably been more highly improved, and have a greater aptitude to fatten. We are not aware that any of this breed have been brought to this country, and the writer can only speak of them from the descriptions of others. The best are said to be quite black, and rather long, upright, thin ears. The late Lord Webster was noted as a breeder of these pigs, and Mr. W. FISHER HOBBS, of Mark's Hall, Essex, has of late years carried many prizes at the shows of the Royal, and various other agricultural societies in England, for a variety called the "Improved Essex." In a late English paper we notice an account of an auction-sale of Mr. Hobbs' live stock, consisting of Hereford cattle, Leicester sheep, and Improved Essex pigs. The hogs sold at ten guineas each—the sows at fifteen guineas. Portraits of several of Mr. H's

prize pigs have been given in the London Farmers' Magazine.
The Neapolitan hog is also black without hair. The Rev. W. L. RHAM, in his "Dictionary of the Farm," speaking of this breed, says—"No breed can excel it in aptitude to fatten. The sows often become so fat on very scanty food that they will not breed; they are extremely tender, and if they happen to have litters in the winter, it is difficult to save the young pigs from dying in cold nights. [This is applicable to England, where the weather is not near as cold as it is here.] A cross of the Neapolitan with some of our hardier breeds, greatly improves their usefulness, without injuring their aptitude to fatten." This variety has been introduced into this country, and crosses of it with some other breeds have resulted favorably. We have seen occasional crosses with the Berkshire which did well. Mr. BEMENT, of this city, has a stock of pigs which he calls "Medleys," the result of a cross of the Neapolitan with the Chinese, and some other sort, which appear to be well adapted to killing at an early age, and we are told by a butcher who has several times had of the stock, that the quality of their flesh is excellent.

Of the Suffolk breed, we have known of no importations to this country except those by Wm. STRICKNEY, Esq., of Boston. We believe he has made three several importations of this variety. We have seen several of the imported ones, as well as several bred by Mr. S., at his farm in Vermont. From what we have seen, we think them not only well adapted for porkers, (or for fresh pork,) but also very well suited for ordinary family purposes, where a medium sized hog is preferred. This breed is spoken of very highly by Mr. RHAM, in his work before mentioned. He says—
"Suffolk pigs are perhaps, on the whole, the most profitable breed in England. They are well shaped, short-legged, mostly white, with short upright ears, and the porkers of this breed are excellent. It may be distinguished from the Essex breed by being better covered with hair, and from the Norfolk by having smaller ears, more nearly together. The Suffolk pig is not so delicate in constitution as the Essex, and is therefore decidedly the best poor man's pig."

The best breeds of hogs for pork for barrelling, so far as the knowledge of the writer extends, are the Bedford or Woburn, first brought to this country many years since from the Duke of Bedford's farm, at Woburn; the Mackay, originated by the late Capt. JOHN MACKAY, of Boston; and the variety kept at the Asylum for the Insane, at Worcester, Mass., and popularly known as the "Hospital breed."
The first named breed has formerly been quite widely disseminated over the country; but it is believed that only a few of them now remain which retain the characteristics of the originals in such a degree as to be recognized. It is doubted whether any breed ever brought into the country has been of such essential service in improving the shape and qualities of our swine generally, as this. There were several importations of them at various times, from those sent to Gen. WASHINGTON by the Duke of Bedford, in 17— to 1825, and they were sometimes known under different names; but the testimony in regard to their value was the same, from Virginia and Kentucky to Maine.
The "Hospital breed" before spoken of, is understood to have had for its basis, the Bedford breed, derived from the late Dr. O. FISKE, of Worcester, Mass., whose swine were for many years held in the highest esteem. Dr. Woodward, the superintendent of the hospital, increased their size by an admixture of some other blood, (said to have been the Mackay,) preserving at the same time the perfect symmetry of the original Bedfords. This Hospital stock, as exhibited at the Massachusetts State show, at Worcester, in 1844, we considered decidedly the most perfect for heavy barrelling pork, of any we ever saw. Their dressed weights at eighteen months old, were stated to be from 400 to 500 lbs.
The Mackay breed originated by an admixture of several breeds which Capt. MACKAY, during several years, collected from various parts of the world to which his commercial intercourse led him. The writer first obtained this stock of Capt. M. in 1830, and so far as he knows, was the first to give them the name by which they shortly thereafter became generally known. We bred them for several years, and made several subsequent purchases of Capt. M. They were an excellent stock to fatten—would fat easily at any age, yet grew rapidly, and at eighteen months old reached a large size—sometimes weighing at that age 600 lbs. dressed. At the Massachusetts State show, in 1844, we saw one or two boars which exhibited the characteristics of this stock in considerable perfection. We saw, also, some good specimens of it at the farm of J. P. CUSHING, Esq., in Watertown, Mass., a few years since. But we presume it would be difficult to find many at this time, possessing much affinity with the original stock.
There are very good hogs in various sections of the country, made up of the Leicester, Cheshire, and what are called the "Grass breed;" and where pains are taken in the selection and breeding, a useful and profitable stock is produced.
It may not be unwise to say, that none of the breeds we have mentioned are recommended for a forest range, where the animal is forced to obtain a living by his own unassisted energies. They are cultivated breeds, and you cannot have a stock which is at the same time best adapted to a savage and a civilized state. The great disposition and tendency to fatten, for which the breeds we have named are so much valued, must give place in the "woods hog" to a habit of activity, and a tendency to muscular fibre. Instead of the thin hide and scanty bristles of the refined varieties, the hog which is left to provide for himself, must be clad with a covering which will protect him from the inclemencies of the weather, and shield him against the attacks of his enemies. Even in ordinary farm management, the thinness of skin and absence of hair or bristles, may be carried too far. These properties, though indicative of aptitude to fatten, and fine quality of meat, when existing in an extreme degree, impair the constitution and render the animal unfitted for any endurance.

A CURIOUS FACT IN AGRICULTURE. Yesterday afternoon a gentleman residing, we believe, in this city, brought to the managers' room of the American Institute, four small potatoes which had been produced in the following manner: The gentleman alluded to, in the month of May, conceived that it was necessary to cut one or two more branches from his grape vine, and he accordingly lopped off the unnecessary branches, which caused them to bleed, and to remedy this he split a potato into two pieces, one of which he stuck on the end of the bleeding branch. He then tied a rag fast to the branch so as to cover the potato and keep it from falling off, and then left it. The rag was not disturbed again until a day or two since, when it was removed and found to contain a crop of four small potatoes which had grown from the piece stuck on the end of the branch. [N. Y. Eve. Post.]

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, NOV. 19, 1846.

HYBERNATION.

Our neighbor Holmes of the Maine Farmer, is almost "wrathy" at our favoring the idea which many natural historians have affirmed, that swallows and martins imbed themselves in mud all winter and become torpid like frogs and lizards. "Such a notion," says he, "is a libel on the swallow, and a blasphemy against Nature"—rather strong language, good doctor, to apply to some of the most respectable authors that have written on this subject. We recollect very well that some years ago, when the highly respectable Matthew St. Clair Clarke of Washington was Clerk of the U. S. House of Representatives, he and one or two literary gentlemen of that city, together, we believe, with several distinguished members of Congress, over their own names, made a public statement through the National Intelligence of the following fact, of which they were personally the eye-witnesses.

At the close of an autumnal afternoon, they were sitting near the margin of a shallow pond or water log in or near Washington city. Directly the martin birds from the city appeared over their heads in great numbers. A few shrill voices seemed to command the movements of the whole. They sat and watched their proceedings. The birds gathered in close order over the bog; instantly a dive was made simultaneously by the whole flock, into the water, the surface of which was ruffled by their plunge and all was silent and quiet. This was the last that was seen of a martin bird in Washington that year. We avouch not the fact; but such was the statement of as respectable men as the nation affords. But our good Doctor says, "if any one asserts the same, they must either tell us they know to be false, or be most essentially deceived themselves." Well doctor, we shall not dispute there, for a contradiction between thyself and us, would be unnatural—we be brethren, and will live in peace.

He says that in forty-eight hours' time, "they (martins and swallows) could wait themselves from Maine to the very heart of the tropics."—Yes, but why did no person between Maine and the tropics ever see them on their passage? We see all other birds of passage as they migrate—the geese, the brant, the pigeons, &c., but who ever saw flocks of martins journeying South in any forty-eight hours of the year? And if they go so far, how happens every one of them to come back again to their old haunts, without missing their way, and this on some fair and pleasant day in spring, when no flocks are seen travelling north? [Banner.]

Really, old friend! I think it is better to be "almost wrathy" than almost foolish in this matter. Pray, brother Drew, what "most respectable authors who have written on this subject" have given any facts in the case? The story told by Matthew St. Clair Clarke, that he and several distinguished members of Congress saw a flock of martins plunge "head-foremost" into a lake of water, cannot be true. Either they told it by way of a vagabond story, or they were in that state of glorious boisterousness, which some Congressmen get into, when they couldn't tell the difference between a purple martin and a "bull padoe." We appeal to your common sense in this matter. Do you think it possible, or probable, that the swallow and the martin, with not even the organization of common water fowls, could plunge, in full vigor and activity, below the depths of water and dig into the mud, and there remain for seven months of the year, and on a given day come forth again with all their wonted activity and cheerful song, as bright and as clear as ever, not a feather soiled and not a particle of mud on their plumage? If they went down at all, and lived to get out again, do you suppose they spring forth like "spirits from the vasty deep" unseen, until they came gliding over your head, and called out in their usual note of joy and gladness? Or, would they struggle up through the ooze of the fen, and after emerging from their winter prison into daylight, stand faltering on the banks until the mud had dried off, and their feathers became in a condition for them to fly? Why, how is it with those cold, sluggish, slow moulded animals that God has expressly made for such a life? How is it with the frog and the lizard and the turtle? Do they in the fall of the year go down into their winter quarters, leaping and singing with what little activity they have in mid summer? Certainly not. They seem to undergo a preparation for the change. They are silent for some time—they are seen only in the warmest part of the day, and then are more sluggish than common. Instead of being out of the water in the night, filling the marshes and meadows with their clamorous and uncouth music, they spend it at the bottom of the stream or pond, and at length, as they find this element growing colder and colder, they burrow down deeper, below the reach of frost. There they have been often found in winter, there they can be found now. Would not swallows and martins, also, be found in such situations if they put themselves there? And how is it with the same animals in spring? Do they burst out all at once, leaping and piping and making the swamps and the valleys ring again with their homely concert? Oh no. They first come slowly and cautiously, apparently languid from want of food and exercise during their long sleep. They are cautious about venturing above water long at a time, and a faint quackle and timid peep is all that you first hear. The frog will at length venture out a little more, and the turtle will venture to crawl slowly and lazily on to some rock or log that is above water, but if you draw near will tumble off again in clumsy haste and hide himself until you have passed by. This is nature's law. She never brings such a great change as hybernation or the reverse upon animal or vegetable without previous preparation. But your martin, forsooth, according to our friend's doctrine, sets the laws of nature at defiance. He can plunge into the very depths of ponds and lakes, in the full vigor of life, stay there, without food, seven months in the year, and burst out again in all the heyday of song and joyous mirth, neither wet with the water, tarnished with the slime, or clogged with the mud! Nobody but "Matthew St. Clair Clarke and a few distinguished members of Congress" ever saw them go in, and nobody—not even "Matthew St. Clair Clarke and a few distinguished members of Congress" ever saw them come out.

But here is a great puzzle to our brother of the Banner. If these birds can go to the heart of the tropics in forty-eight hours "why did no person between Maine and the tropics ever see them on their passage?" Because no body has watched them. They start away in the night, and even in the day time, if they flew as high as does the wild goose, we think they would not be visible. The swallow is not larger than the head of a wild goose—can you see or distinguish the head of the goose when in its highest flight? It is not long since you gave us such a description of the luscious meal of bobolinks, that you ate in Philadelphia, that our very mouth watered so freely that our sawdust slipped down without the usual potion of Adam's ale.

But how came those birds "way down South?" Did you see them on their aerial march thither? And yet you found them there, and fatted yourself "three inches on the ribs" upon them, as a proof positive of their material identity. Well, now, if these "go so far, how happens every one of them" (except those that are devoured) "to come back again to their old haunts, without missing their way, and this on some fair and pleasant day in spring, when no flocks are travelling north?"

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

It is probably well known to most of our readers that the Highland Society, of Scotland, is the most efficient, and perhaps the most useful institution of the kind at present existing. A Scottish laird would shame to own he was not a member; and even among the tenantry, so highly is the honor of membership held, that hundreds are annually pressing forward and obtaining the enrollment of their names on the honored list.

One of the most commendable features, probably, in the policy of this institution, is the offering large premiums and honorary medals for the best essays on agricultural subjects, and for all improvements associated with practice and exercise of the art.

At one of the annual exhibitions, recently, says a correspondent of the "Berwick Advertiser," there were entered nine hundred and sixty two head of cattle, viz: horses, neat-cattle, sheep and swine. The premiums of the society, awarded to the successful competitors, ranged from five to two hundred guineas! The prize essays are all recorded in the "Quarterly Journal of Agriculture," a publication devoted expressly to the advancement of the cause, and being conducted under the auspices of the Highland Society, and containing an account of its transactions, is a most valuable and interesting work. There is no topic, however remotely allied to the subject of farming, which is not, by the laws of this society, brought directly under its special cognizance. Premiums are awarded to those who enclose water-drained morasses, plant trees, &c., &c., and to those who invent, or effect beneficial improvements in the most simple implements and utensils of the farm.

For some two or three years the Society held its meetings in Edinburgh, but certain individuals in Glasgow having offered a handsome addition to the premiums, they were removed to that city. As might be expected, the fruit of this transfer was a rivalry among the districts "as intense as it was in days of yore, but much more beneficial to the cause."

"Since then," says the writer from whom we quote, "Fairs have been held in the principal towns of Scotland, and this year it took place in the ancient border town of Berwick, upon Tweed. As the English side were allowed to compete, the anticipation, since realized, was entertained, that this would be the most magnificent show ever held; and so it was." "There can be no question, we think, that to the efforts of this society, more than to any other cause, the United Kingdom is indebted for the present exalted condition of its agriculture; and we have no doubt that the same means, urged with equal pertinacity, would, in any other country, produce precisely similar results."

At the annual fairs of the Highland Society, sales of horses, sheep, swine, and neat-cattle always take place. These sales are invariably by auction, and the commissions, we believe, go to swell the treasury of the society. We should be happy, were it in our power, to give our readers some account of the magnificence of these exhibitions. The picture—though no mere description can do justice to the reality—would, nevertheless, have a powerful tendency to awaken our American farmers to greater exertion, and thereby induce an action which would, ultimately, prove highly advantageous to the cause.

Thus far we have been too remiss. In the language of the lamented Buel—"We already find the bread-stuffs of Europe, and even of Asia, put in requisition to feed our population. From the low price of labor in Europe, and particularly from the recent improvements in agriculture, which are doubling and trebling the products of agricultural labor there, the disparity in actual cost, to the cultivator of these products, is constantly increasing against us." This is a point that should be candidly weighed by the opposers of improvement in this country, as it is unquestionably one that affects the vital interests of our land at large. Let the sceptic look at the subject in its true light. Here, with a comparatively virgin soil, one hundred acres of land are deemed insufficient to support a family. In Ireland, the tenant from two acres will reap sufficient to maintain himself, wife and six children, and pays twenty dollars per acre rent! True, the Irish peasant subsists on less costly food, but is the difference in this respect equal to the discrepancy of the expense? Certainly not. Where, in America, can we find the country finer, (we say nothing, of course, of those in the vicinage of cities, where high cultivation, excessive manuring, and a profitable market, often quadruple the income of the cultivator,) that will pay ten dollars the acre, free of expense.

SOAKING SEEDS IN AMMONIA.

We publish with pleasure, on the first page of to-day's paper, the letter from our valued correspondent "C. C." He was the first person in the State, as far as our knowledge extends, who ventured to use ammonia as a steep for seed grain, and make known the results.

The candor and ingenuousness with which he communicates his mistakes and failures, is commendable; for by telling our failures and the causes thereof, if known, others can be guided, and saved from similar disappointment and losses.

The object of mixing sulphate of lime with carbonate of ammonia, is to obtain sulphate of ammonia, which is the real stimulant to the grain. If this substance (sulphate of ammonia) could be obtained already prepared, and it can in some places, there would be far less danger of injuring the seed by any caustic quality of the ammonia, and the experiment be attended with less expense. Should our farmers find, after patient and faithful trial, that it is a safe and efficacious stimulant, and a demand be created for it, manufacturers of the substance would start up and it would then be obtained cheap.

The Ficus Sycamora, or Sycamore Fig, often attains a monstrous size, and near Cairo, its top is in shape like the form of a fan, and when viewed from a distance appears like a peacock with its tail expanded. This appearance is given to the Sycamore Fig by the constant prevalence of the Etesian wind, which, in that climate blows continually from the north, and north west.

The fruit of this stupendous tree resembles, in a very near degree, the fruit of the common fig, but only in appearance, as on being tasted it is invariably found to be dry and insipid, and is, therefore, rarely eaten.

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS.

The following letter has been received from a "Yankee" friend of ours, who has spent the past summer and the summer before, in exploring the mineral regions of Lake Superior. We hope he will favor us with descriptions of the mines of that interesting region. [Ed.]

St. Louis, Sept. 30th, 1846.

MY DEAR DOCTOR—If you are not better employed, (which I shall take for granted,) you may read the following, and bestow upon it just as much thought as you have to spare from your pills, and squills, and the ills of your vicinity, and the Dorkings, quackings, and cacklings of all your neighbors' farm-yards, and all other things, ings, and stings, with which your cranium is abundantly stored.

Since I saw you, last April, I have seen much of interest to a man of business, a scientific man, a philosopher, a statesman, and a specially to a Yankee who wants to see and know every thing. After leaving you I came directly to Boston, to New York, to Albany, to Buffalo, to Copper Harbor, to Sault de St. Marie, to Mackinaw, in a few days, per steam—took the wilderness, with three men to pack provisions and blankets—was absent forty days without seeing any one except my own party. Came out of the woods at the mouth of the Ontonagon, the largest river on the south shore of Lake Superior—went to the Sault—returned—took the bush again—absent thirty days, with two men—went to Fond du Lac, (the west extremity of Lake Superior,)—took the woods with one man—gone about twenty days—returned to the south to Mackinaw—came to Chicago, to Galena, to Keokuck, to St. Louis—am bound southward, about one hundred miles, and then shall return home, yes, to "sweet home," if favored by the smiles of a kind Providence.

Doctor, I have crossed the great lakes in the breathless calm, in the frowning storm—on board the proud steamer, on the light schooner, and have skirted along the shores of Lake Superior, for one hundred miles at a voyage, in the light and frail-sailing birch canoe, which a wave would toss as a feather, and the light paddle-stroke shoot forward as an arrow. The lakes, when first passed over, seem wonderful—as natural objects, they are grand—they were a rich gift to the West. Already supplied with splendid steamers, and numerous schooners, they promise a rich field of enterprise and facility to the West. I suppose that you would like to hear more particulars of the mineral lands of Lake Superior. Many have been there, the present season, seeking fortunes, &c., and there ought to be many accounts of the copper region there, and I have no doubt there will be—and many kinds of fortunes will come out of it. But there is much mineral wealth in the country—no doubt of it. Native copper and silver—the ores of copper and iron will prove to be a reality. I cannot be particular—all the facts have been published, and many more.

The climate of Lake Superior is healthy—the air, pure—summer, balmy and warm—winter, cold—fall, windy—the water, pure as nature ever made—shores are bold rocks, or coarse sand beach—no marshes—no stagnant water—the soil on the south shore, fine and rich, of moderate depth—streams that run into the lake, numerous, rapid, and afford any quantity of water power, and this near the lake—good pine timber in abundance at various points—beautiful groves of rock-maple, birch, cedar, fir, some ash, little oak—good hemlock, very little beech—grasses, blue-joint, marsh grass, timothy, red-top, clover, the white clover luxuriant where it has a chance to grow—the strawberry, of fine size—black-berry and raspberry as with us—sand cherries, on the sand banks, (a very pleasant fruit, half as large as the tame cherry)—the large red plum, (some as large as peaches) the finest I ever tasted, found on the banks of the streams. We picked a camp kettle full, say half bushel, in a few minutes. Fish in the lake, trout, white fish, sturgeon, cat-fish, herring, siskawet. The white fish and siskawet are most esteemed. The above kinds abound in large quantities in some places on the lake, and offer fair inducements to carrying on the business. Some of the Indians live almost entirely on fish through the year. Game is not abundant—some deer, bear, caribou, beaver, otter, marten, two kinds of pheasants, two species of the loon tribe, five or six ducks, and four of wild geese. These latter go farther north where the wild rice grows around Fond du Lac, but not as it does at the Lake of the Woods. Not much farming yet done on the lake—some potatoes, corn, beans, &c., are raised with good success.

The country from Chicago to Galena is lovely indeed, most of it a gently rolling prairie—sometimes, as far as the eye can reach, no sign of a tree, or anything to interrupt the prospect. Here and there, as you go along, will appear a thin grove of oak and hickory—rising as an island among far extended waters. Along the margin of rivers the trees make a good growth. The prairies are covered with grass and flowers—the soil, fine, dark colored, and rich, rich, rich. The only rock, in places which I saw in this part was limestone. A little labor and less care will produce any amount of vegetable product, and domestic animals may be supported almost wholly by themselves, without shelter or stacks of hay—thousands and tens of thousands of acres of natural pasturage lay open before you on all sides.

I saw some fine herds of sheep here, laying around, as if satisfied with seeing the abundance of food before them. One shepherd might take care of thousands, and keep them in places where they would find food through the year, by driving them to the south part of the State on the approach of winter. To stand on some elevated portion of these prairies and look around, one would think that nature was partial in her gifts to this western land; but no, it is not so. Those prairies are ripe with disease—with death. The breath of pestilence is not more fatal than the miasma that rises from the stagnant pools of the prairies. For one hundred and eighty miles across this land, (from Chicago to Galena,) I heard but few answers to questions, except "sick," "all sick," "almost every body sick," "dead," "dead." If our eastern people come here, they come soon to die. Yes, the father soon gets cold—he is anxious to make his wife and little children comfortable—he is tired and weary after a day's toil and sits down at eve.—A cold chill comes from a neighboring swamp—he is sick—he dies—the mother dies—the children die; yes, sweet little children are brought here to stay a day, a week, a month, and then to die.

My dear Doctor, if I could relate to you some facts as related to me, in the simple words of truth, you would wish to keep silent a moment until a strange feeling at heart should become quiet.

You will have heard before you receive this of the last Mormon war. It is now over. We passed the village—most of the houses near the river bear the marks of great violence. Considerable blood was shed. The anti-mormons lost 19 killed, 30 were wounded, some of whom mortally. The Mormons are now encamped on the opposite side of the river, in full sight of their former homes and temple, which, at a distance is a fine building—well proportioned and lofty. The Mormons are in a deplorable condition, some starving. They are bound for California—they have not been well treated, so say most of the people here.

Dr. I am tired—I will tell you more by and by.

Your very excellent and worthy friend,
JONATHAN YANKEE.

At a meeting of several of the inhabitants of Portland, Lewiston, Monmouth, Winthrop, Readfield, Waterville, &c., friendly to the proposed Railroad from Lewiston to Waterville, held at Congregational Hall, in Winthrop, on Friday, Nov. 13, Maj. E. Wood was nominated to the chair, but declined serving on account of his age and infirmities; E. Holmes was then chosen President, and Dr. A. S. Stanley, Secretary.

The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Barnes of Portland, Champlin and Smith of Waterville, Little of Lewiston, Benson and E. Wood of Winthrop, and Morrill of Readfield.

On motion of S. P. Benson of Winthrop, voted to raise a committee in each of the towns of Wayne, Readfield and Monmouth, for the purpose of collecting statistics and getting subscriptions, consisting of the following gentlemen:—
Readfield: Lot M. Morrill, Esq., Col. J. Batchelder, Col. O. Bean, John Lambert, Col. D. Craig, David Brown, Esq., J. A. Sanborn, Esq., Col. J. O. Craig, J. B. Fillebrand, John Smith, Jr.

Monmouth: Joseph Stacy, Jon. Marston, Aug. Blake, J. S. Blake, John A. Tinkham, Jos. Fairbanks, Eben. Freeman.
Wayne: B. W. Varnum, W. Hutton, M. Hitchcock, Geo. W. Fairbanks, Isaac Bowles. Voted to adjourn to Monday, 7 o'clock P. M. Monday, Nov. 10; met according to adjournment. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Benson, Thurston, Sears.

On motion of S. P. Benson, the following committees were appointed:
Committee to obtain Statistics. Stephen Sewall, Samuel Chandler, G. A. Benson, Wm. Gaslin, Thurston W. Stevens.
Committee to obtain subscriptions. Major Elijah Wood, David Stanley, Samuel P. Benson, M. B. Sears, B. H. Cushman.

The above committees are authorized to appoint sub-committees in the general school districts.

On motion of S. Benjamin, voted that these committees attend to the duties for which they were raised, immediately.

On motion of E. Wood, voted that when we adjourn, we adjourn to next Monday evening, at 6-12 o'clock.

GUN POWDER COTTON. We see it stated in some of the journals of the day, that Prof. Otto has published the mode of making gun powder cotton, and the process consists in simply immersing the cotton in nitrous acid. The cotton being wood, in exceedingly minute fibres, and therefore consists of carbon and potash. It becomes more perfectly carbonized by action of the acid, and at the same time the acid uniting with the potash forming nitrate of potash, the cotton is thus charged with it, and thus the two main ingredients of gun powder, viz: carbon and salt petre, (nitre) are in a state of the most intimate combination. The cotton is rinsed in water and dried, when it is ready for use. We have not tried the process and cannot vouch for its correctness. All accounts, however, corroborate the facts as published by Prof. Schonbein. If this is all true, powder mills will become defunct and cotton fields increase.

"O RARE BEN JOHNSON." It is said that a certain vintner, to whom Johnson—no less a devotee of the "jolly god," was indebted, gave him an invitation to dine with him one day, telling him that if he would solve the three questions he was about to propound, he would freely forgive the debts. The questions were—
1. With what is God best pleased?
2. With what is the devil best pleased?
3. With what an I best pleased?

Johnson, it is said, without the least hesitation, gave the following impromptu reply:—"God is best pleased when men forsake their sins; The devil's best pleased when they persist therein; The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine; And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine."

TRUE. "We cannot well conceive of an act more base, or admitting of so much depravity of character," says the Boston Olive Branch, "as the willful placing on a railroad track, of obstructions whereby the lives and limbs of numerous individuals, and persons, too, against whom this malicious spirit can have no possible cause for injury, are highly endangered." To us, hanging appears too good for such miscreants.

SOLON. This wise man, after having endeavored in vain to persuade his countrymen to resist the encroachments of the tyrant, Pisistratus, and preserve the liberties of his country, retired in disgust to his own domicile, and placing his weapons at the street door exclaimed, as a last effort—"I have done all in my power to save my country and defend its laws." He then retired from the tumults of public life to weep in silence over the servility of the Athenians, and the fate of Athens.

MAXIM. "Never," says a distinguished author—"Never believe in the virtue of that person who is continually condemning others. To the vile all things are vile." The most prurient virtue, and the most assailable, is that which ostensibly assumes the fairest show."

ROMAN ETIQUETTE. It is historically asserted that while Cato was censor of Rome, he expelled Mamilius from the Senate, after the popular opinion had fixed upon him for the office of censor, because he had been guilty of giving his wife a kiss in the day time, and in the presence of his daughter. This could not have been the

—Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensia."

GREAT FIRE IN BRIDGTON. A fire broke out in Bridgton on the 9th instant, which did much damage. The following buildings were burnt: New saw-mill belonging to B. Walker, loss \$1200. Furniture establishment of B. F. Smith, loss \$1000. Ditto of H. Baston, loss \$800. Blacksmith shop and tools of J. Webb, loss \$600. Mr. A. H. Perkins' house damaged \$150. Ditto Mr. Webb's \$150. Ditto Mr. Kimball's \$75.

LAUNCHED, on Saturday last, from the yard of Master Jones, a fine, full-rigged brig, of about 180 tons burthen. Not yet named. Owned by Messrs. J. E. Ladd, S. Leonard, — Smith, and Capt. Dickman.

Editorial Scribblings.

BY THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Anecdotes of the man who never was bent. There is an aged man up the river some fifty miles, of whom it is a proverbial saying, "he never was bent." Many and many a time, when "knee high to a toad," we have sat for hours and listened to his "yarns" with astonishment, our mouth wide open like a pine-shingle fly-trap, and our eyes protruding so far from their sockets that we might with ease have hung our cap on them. We believed all his stories, as did every lad in the neighborhood, for he said they were facts, and he was a gray-haired man, and to question the veracity of such is not proper, or "clever" at least. We propose to give a few anecdotes of this veteran, whom, for convenience, we will call Mr. Neverbeat.

MAKING BUTTER.

Mr. Neverbeat kept an excellent cow. No person in the county had a better one for the purposes of the dairy; and he said she would yield more butter per week than any cow in the State. One day, a farmer, who had a fine cow, brought into the village market a quantity of superb butter. While trading with the merchant, he spoke of his cow, and said, during the week of the feed, she would make twelve pounds of butter per week, and that she had, for three weeks in succession, yielded twelve pounds and a half. At this moment in came the man who never was bent. The merchant said to him—"Mr. Neverbeat, how many pounds of butter did you ever make from a single week's milking of your cow?"

Stopping a moment he said—"Twelve pounds."

"You're down this time," said the merchant. "This gentleman's cow yielded twelve and a half pounds for three successive weeks."

Mr. Neverbeat's eyes were riveted on the floor for a minute. Raising his head again to its wonted position, and turning to the farmer, he said—

"Mister, did your cow suck a calf at that time?"

"No sir."

"Well, mine did, and that makes a difference," said Mr. Neverbeat, with an air of triumph.

The "floored" farmer had nothing more to say.

KILLING RABBITS.

One cold Saturday evening in winter, numerous persons were collected around the blazing fire of one of the village stores, telling the wondrous exploits of their lives. At length, "Uncle Jesse," long since gone to the shades, said he once shot, at a single discharge of his favorite old "queensarm," some fifteen or twenty rabbits, that had gathered around a sweet apple tree for plunder. This made the lads' eyes stick out.

"Humph!" said Mr. Neverbeat, who sat in the corner—"Humph! that's nothing. When I was an apprentice, my master owned a sweet apple orchard, a little back of the village, next to the woods. The rabbits played the deuce with the apples, carrying them off by the cart loads, as fast as they fell to the ground. He shot and trapped hundreds of them, and still they were as thick as bees round a hive. At last, in despair, he came to me and asked if I couldn't fix them. I told him yes, for I had just thought of a plan that would work to kill."

I bought a half pound of Scotch snuff—the snuff they have now-a-days is no touch to it for strength—went into the orchard, cut in-two a lot of the apples, and then sprinkled on the snuff. The next morning we went into the field of slaughter, and how many dead rabbits do you suppose we found, with their brains sneezed right out the top of their heads?"

"Fifty," said Uncle Jesse.

"Fifty? Humph! We picked up five hundred between the trees and the fence, and how many there was between the fence and the woods I can't say. A fact, and my old master would tell you so he were here."

Uncle Jesse threw his snuff, box and all, into the fire, and giving one tremendous sneeze, pulled for home.

BRITISH MERCHANTMEN AND THEIR CARGOES.

An old weather-beaten "salt" was telling, one evening, of capturing a British merchantman during the last war, and of the richness and value of her cargo.

"Humph!" said Neverbeat. "I was at Bath during the last war. One day an English looking craft was seen in the distance. By using the spy-glass we discovered her to be a merchantman. Eight or ten of us, brave boys, rigged up an old slop, armed ourselves, and put after her. In less than four hours we brought her into port, a prize, and a rich one she was. You can judge something of the value of her cargo, when I tell you that we found, for one article, in her hold, seven cords of gilt buttons, the first cost of which was four-and-six a dozen."

Jack went off muttering, "A bloody land-lubber's yarn—a lie not to be beat by the land-shark that invented lying."

Neverbeat said it was a fact, and he could prove it. That settled the question.

SPEEDY HORSES.

A gentleman was cracking, in the presence of Neverbeat, about the speed of his horse, which, he said, would trot a mile inside of three minutes, and follow it for three consecutive miles.

"A mile inside of three minutes aint much to brag about," said Neverbeat. "Why, the other day I was up to S—, sixteen miles distant. Just as I started for home, a shower came sweeping on. The rain struck into the back part of the wagon, and the moment it struck I hit Kate a cut with the whip, and away she trotted, scarcely touching her feet to the ground. She kept just nip-and-nip with the shower. The wagon was filled with water, but not a drop of rain fell on me. Old Kate can't be beat by any piece of horse-flesh in the State. When she goes, she goes it."

"Smart horse or a lazy shower," said the gentleman as he "mizzled."

JUMPING—ONE OF HIS TRICKS.

Jumping used to be a great feat. Neverbeat was not expert at the business. He used to, however, play off on the uninitiated a very good trick. He would stand by and look on till the jumping was over, and then say to the "bully," if a "mister" he—"Green, I'll bet the drinks I can stand six chairs along in a row, and then pull off my boots and jump over them."

"Done," was the answer.

No quicker said than his boots were off, and over them he would jump, instead of the chairs. He always won the drinks, and produced a hearty laugh at the expense of the "trapped" and disappointed one.

BOOK BINDING. We examined some very neatly bound books the other day, at the Bindery of Messrs. Hartford & Lamson. They were the Record Books of the State Council, and were bound in Russia calf, in good style and finish.

Hooking.

"Why are the Editors of the New York Saturday Emporium, the New York Scientific American, the Saco (Me.) Union, and several others we could mention, like a herd of 'catfish'?"

"Cause they're much given to hooking. They 'hook' agricultural articles from the Farmer with liberality and sound judgment. But the man of the Union aint to blame for his hooking propensity."

"Why so?"

"Cause he's a Cow-an sort of a fellow."

"Right, precisely." [Maine Farmer.]

Ent-on, brother, as fast as possible. We shall not make much Noyes about this affair. We know of no law to prevent our sailing into Holmes's Hole whenever we please, provided always the pilotage is acknowledged, as is our general practice. As to hooking articles from the Farmer, as our cotemporary in an un-Maine manner insinuates, we never did such a thing—no, never. We wish to preserve our character for "sound judgment," and to do so we have to exercise a little discretion as to whose wares we endeavor to palm off as our own. [Saco Union.]

Tut, tut! Thou talkest like an honest knipper, and in a manner after our own liking. Yet your mate's name (and first mates have the saying of the crafts, you know) is such a perfect contradiction, No-yes, we scarcely know how to take you. However, we put thee down on honest man; nevertheless, by some hocus-fucus or other, a part of your staunch vessel's agricultural freight, the past season, has been taken from the deck load of the Farmer, without the proper labels attached. This may not be hooking, according to your dictionary; but this way, it is considered such. True, you did not palm the bantlings off as your own, because they did not appear under the editorial head, headed out. If you hazarded your reputation for "sound judgment" by taking the "wares" on board, "discretion," we should have thought, would have led you to attach the owner's label, and thus let his "judgment" suffer "some," instead of yours. It may be that those "wares" were smuggled on board by some of your crew: if so, shake 'em for their in-"discretion," as the wind would shake the slender Reed.

A HINT.

Below is one of the best "hits" of the season, which we clip from the last number of the Gospel Banner. If we should publish all the eulogistic notices sent us, the paper would contain little else. Religious papers are obliged to publish them; at least, so think the patrons. Afflicted parents, or their friends, who write long obituaries for publication, forget, we think, that they compose but a small number of the patrons of the press: that nine-tenths, at least, of the readers, are not interested in their person. In many places, obituary and hymeneal notices are paid for, the same as advertisements. In this State, printers publish them free: their generosity should not be taxed by lengthy obituaries, unless the subjects of them have been good or great in some sphere of life.

"Somebody asks, in astonishment, why it is that every man is not the most remarkable man in the world, since every boy's mother has the most remarkable boy that ever was born? The answer is plain: the remarkable ones all die in infancy—the newspaper obituaries every week tell of the death of a child. The life and wondrous deeds of a child three months' old made an article of a whole column's length in the Baptist paper a week or two ago. The way it brandished its arms and kicked up its alabaster legs, before it was two months' old, were worthy of the most graphic description."

COATS.

The talented editor of the Symbol, F. A. Durivarge, who, once upon a time, figured "some" in these parts as a son of Thespis, has the following capital "short chapter on coats" in his last week's number. "Frank" knows how to write an ingenious "puff," as all will agree, after reading the following, which is a part of one.

"One of the penalties of Original Sin is

The Muse.
From the Gospel Banner.
AUTUMN.
BY MRS. E. A. SAUNDERS.
Ah! Autumn, thou art here again;
Thy dyes have tinged the woody mount;
Thy leaves are wafted o'er the plain;
And strown upon the chrysalis form;
The sky, with gloomy clouds o'ercast,
Laments in tears that Summer's past.
The flowers hang withered on their stems;
Thou hast destroyed them with thy breath;
They were the Summer's brightest gems,
Too lovely far to yield to death;
Thy wailing winds, with saddening roar,
Can bring their beauty back no more.
The meadows once so richly dressed,
Now in their rustic brown appear;
And feathered songsters, ere they rest,
Sing the sad requiem of the year.
Autumn, thou hast a cruel heart,
To bid sweet summer thus depart.
Thy moss-rocks in the lowly glade,
That bloomed so innocently fair,
Has sadly bowed its blighted head,
The very picture of despair.
The chilly winds it could not brave,
And sank unsmiling to the grave.
The towering oak, with giant arms,
That long in princely grandeur stood,
Is now bereft of all its claims,
Though once the monarch of the wood,
Its fruit is strown, its foliage sear,
Sure tokens of the dying year.
Yet, Autumn, though thy breath is chill,
And many a flower on the brow,
Thou hast rich blessings for us still,
For which our grateful souls bow:
The mellow fruit and golden ear
Thou bring'st, the heart of man to cheer.
Why should we mourn that Summer's gone,
And dreary Winter is so nigh?
Sweet flowers again shall clad the lawn,
Beneath a mild and genial sky;
Spring's gentle voice shall bid them wake,
And to themselves new beauties take.
And thus the withering hand of time
May bleach the head and dim the eye;
But joys immortal and sublime,
Await the soul in realms on high.
Though death may blight the fairest flower,
They'll bloom again in Eden's bowers.
Orlando, Me., October, 1846.

WIT IN RHYME.
A queer jester sat at a window one night
And saw the moon shining with silvery light;
He spoke to a stranger who stood in the room:
"Have you a desire to buy up the moon?"
"Why, sounds!" said the stranger, "pray what do you mean?"
"I think I'm a fool, sir, or do I look green?"
"I thought it no harm," he replied, "to inquire,
I see it is rising, and soon will be higher!"
[Chortle, please.]

The Story Teller.
WHAT MUST BE MUST.
BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

CHAPTER I.
"I am afraid you will educate Mary to death, my dear," said Mr. Austin to his wife, in reply to a long detail of her plans for the perfection of this her only daughter. "Too much education is as bad as too little."
"Too much education, Mr. Austin! who ever heard of such a thing? Everybody is complaining of the want of education among us, and you, yourself, I am sure, often criticize young ladies, and say they are miserably educated. But you are the strangest man! Have I not always kept Mary under my own eye, had masters and governesses for her, instead of sending her to a fashionable school where she would have learned frivolity and nonsense, and given up society that I might never lose sight of her for a moment? Haven't I watched even her mantua-maker, and forbidden her to describe the finery of other customers, and bought Mary's bonnets myself, without even letting her try them on, lest she should become vain? I am sure I don't know what more a mother could do for a child!"
"You forget, my dear," said Mr. Austin, quietly, "that I warned you against doing too much, not too little. My fears point rather toward Mary's becoming a mere automaton, for want of the habit of thinking and acting for herself, than to any deficiency in the list of her accomplishments. Mary is seventeen now, and might be trusted, I think, to her own judgment sometimes. But you know I never interfere, my dear." Mr. Austin concluded, as he saw a look of deep dejection settling on the face of his wife. "I dare say you know best, but I thought I would make the suggestion." And the good husband took his hat and gloves and went off to his office, rather sorry that he should have said a word which might grieve or discourage the most anxious and self-devoted of mothers, even for the benefit of the most precious of daughters.

Mrs. Austin, on her part, was made irretrievably miserable for the whole day. If she had a hobby, it was the education of Mary. She had been a theorist on the subject of education before she possessed a daughter on whom to practise; and when she had one, she began on the most profound principles laid down in her favorite books, before the child was a month old. It proved no easy matter to adhere closely to rules, for, to her surprise, she found many cases not provided for in any of the books; but she did what she could. When she could not follow Mrs. Hamilton, she tried to find a precedent in Rousseau, and when Mrs. Child failed her, she sought instruction in Mrs. Chapone, or Locke, or Hannah Moore, or Dr. Gregory, or some one of the good ladies who have given tons of advice to the wives, mothers, grandmothers and cousins of England and America. And now to meet an implied censure; and from her husband, who had always approved of what she did, and contrasted Mary and her accomplishments with universal girlhood, so exultingly! It was too much for her philosophy.

The new one was taken up and laid down a half dozen times, and the old one glanced at as often; the time for dressing almost elapsed, and the first master's hour was on the point of striking, and still Mary dutifully balanced. What a relief was the sound of her mother's voice at the door.

"Mary, I think as the walking is very bad, and you are going out, perhaps you had better reserve your dress for another day, but you can do just as you like." And both were pleased—the mother to think she had not controlled Mary, and the daughter that she was saved the new trouble of deciding for herself.

CHAPTER II.
Was Mary always so submissive? She endeavored to be so, for she was a good girl; but she did not invariably succeed, for she had been endowed by nature with a mind and heart, and such things are apt to assert their rights in spite of education. Habit has a wonderful influence and makes things easy which would else be intolerable. Mary had never known freedom of any kind. She had always been surrounded with tender restraints, as if by a netting of strong wires, gilded but impassable. Young companions had been selected for her, brought in with a formal introduction and a command, implied at least, to love and cherish; but these expedients turned out, as such things always must, complete failures, and Mary preferred her books, her music, her flowers and her needle-work, to such unnatural associations. So she grew up a perfect child, without any of those precious initiations into the ways of the world which are so apt to be the consequence of unlimited acquaintance. She read many books, but they were either books of direct instruction, couched at the rate of a certain number of pages per day, or they were full of essays, leaves pasted together, and notes of qualification or dissent, the work of the mother who had determined to be taste, conscience and judgment to her daughter, until such time as she should have arrived at years of discretion. When this important period was likely to arrive it was not easy to say. At seventeen it was certainly as far off as ever.

But this hint from Mr. Austin, this cruel blow from a quarter whence it was least expected, this flash of unwelcome light which suggested nothing but darkness, changed the whole current of Mrs. Austin's life and Mary's. Such things come upon us with double power when they give force and form to suspicions which we have before entertained but would not acknowledge. An unpleasant sense of Mary's lack of individuality had often, within a year or two, suggested itself to Mrs. Austin, but she had crushed down the unwelcome thought, as a heresy against the true theory of education. That was past now, and her vexation was proportioned to the dissolution of a life-long dream. Mary must act for herself; and in coming to this resolution, her mother felt very much as she would have done if she had been obliged to throw her darling overboard at sea, to take her chance on a single plank.

CHAPTER III.
Mary had never walked out alone in her life; but the time had now come when she must brave the dangers of the streets. Her mother desired her to go down to Stewart's, but fortified her with many directions and cautions as to keeping on the right side of the street, and looking on all sides before crossing.

She was rather pleased with the novelty, and performed her errand very well, though with somewhat of the timid and suspicious air of a deaf and dumb person, who walks in the crowd but not of it. On her return a beautiful large dog, attracted her attention as she was crossing the street, and the next instant she was knocked down by a passing carriage, driven at the furious rate so common among us.

The blow was slight but it frightened her excessively, and she was taken up and put into another carriage by the gentleman to whom the dog belonged, before she fully recovered her consciousness. As soon as she was sufficiently collected to name her address, she found herself on the way home, bewildered and amazed, but not so unhappy as might have been expected. It was an adventure, and the gentleman was very gentlemanly and not very old.

But the next morning Mary resumed her cheerfulness, and after a few days seemed almost to have forgotten Philip. Hope revived in Mrs. Austin's bosom, and when, after a few weeks, Mr. Austin found himself called to spend a part of the summer at the West and invited his wife and daughter to accompany him, the careful mother felt as if the game was in her own hands. The journey, the new faces, the new world would do wonders. Young people are always absorbed in the present, and Mary would soon forget Philip Wentworth. She showed no great disposition for the trip, but acquiesced quietly, and took all proper interest in the elegant outfit, which her mother thought proper to this peculiar mode of "coming out," the only one to which she meant ever to subject Mary.

CHAPTER IV.
On board the lake steamer our travellers found a very charming old lady, who had resided for some years at the West, and who, with the frankness characteristic of that social region, imparted the fruits of her observation of settlers' life with a great deal of vivacity and good nature. She happened to be going to the same hotel at Detroit, and as she remained there several days, the acquaintance had become pretty well ripened before her son came with his carriage to take her home. At parting she gave Mr. and Mrs. Austin and Mary, a pressing invitation to visit her in the country, an invitation which they promised to accept before they left Detroit to return to the city.

Detroit is an exceedingly pleasant place for a sojourn. Highly cultivated society, a charming situation, amusements of all sorts, music, riding, driving, steal away the hours before one is aware. Yet our Mary, instead of gaining in health and spirits, evidently declined every day. The rosy cheek paled, the bright eye was too much shaded by its peary lid, and the fingers fell from their rings, through loss of their pretty roundness. Mrs. Austin began to fear that the climate did not agree with her darling, and urged Mr. Austin to hasten their return home. But this was not a proper or even a prudent season for a return to the city, and Mr. Austin proposed first to visit Mr. Ellery, the pleasant old lady of the steamer. So to Meadowbank they went and found a farmer's paradise—flocks, herds, geese, chickens, turkeys, horses, dogs, and last a good, comfortable, spacious house, well shaded, and within a few moments' walk of the primeval woods. The welcome was in proportion to all the other abundance.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin could not but find all this very charming for a day or two, though they were not the sort of people for the country. But Mary! Never was there a creature so happy. It was her first sight of unmanured nature, and all her troubles, (if she had any,) were forgotten in the intoxication of a sweet and most natural pleasure. She rode, she ran, she climbed fences, she milked cows, (or tried to do it,) she fed the chickens till they followed her in flocks. She rambled in the dense old woods with Mrs. Ellery's children, from breakfast time till dinner, in spite of all Mrs. Austin's fears of cougars and rattlesnakes. This was evidently the place for her, whatever it was for her father and mother, and they were reluctant to propose the return for which their souls were longing. Besides how to prolong a visit of those guests, who must consider themselves only chance acquaintances? It would never do, and Mary was desired to prepare for the return to Detroit. Here was a sad affair, Mary cried heartily, she could not help it. The love of trees and grass, and thronging domestic creatures, is a fountain of pleasure to unspoiled hearts, and to Mary this source of happiness was so new. Fortunately good Mrs. Ellery needed not the sight of her young guest's tear-stained eyes, to impel her to kind urgency for a longer visit; and when Mr. and Mrs. Austin could not be prevailed upon, she begged for Mary, until Mr. Austin was fain to yield. The idea of leaving Mary behind, could not, at first, be made intelligible to Mrs. Austin. The imprudence, the utter insanity of trusting a child of that age alone, was too great. But her husband, who had observed with delight Mary's spirits and returning roses, reminded her that the child could hardly be considered quite alone, with good Mrs. Ellery, her son, and his wife, and their children, not to mention the horses, cows, pigs, chickens and lambs, with whom Mary was nearly as intimate and as happy. He suggested, too, that while she was in the woods she was not near Philip Wentworth; and we rather think it was this crowning argument, which he wisely reserved for the last, that decided the point in Mary's favor.

CHAPTER V.
The wild delight of flying about from morning till night, passed somewhat, after a few days, and Mary found her chief pleasure in the grand old woods that skirted the ample farm of Mrs. Ellery. Here she would wander, half pensively, "thinking," of course, "of nothing at all," or recline on some mossy bank, while the children wreathed her hair with the thousand wild flowers that bloomed in every spot to which the sun found access. So charming was the calm solitude, that she often remained with her young companions in some favorite spot, until the Western sun, and the voice of lowing herds returning to their milking, recalled her wandering thoughts.

It was on some such occasion when a splendid sunset, such as one sees in perfection in the country of the great lakes, detained her later than usual, that she was alarmed by the bounds of a wild animal, which approached from the side next Mrs. Ellery's. In a moment it stood before her, and proved only to be a large spotted dog, very much like the one which introduced her to Philip Wentworth, a few months before.

"Carlo!" she said, and the fine fellow wagged his tail as intelligibly as a dog could, and laid his head against her hand. Could it be her old acquaintance?

"Carlo!" she said again, and bowed her head over him, till the flowers fell from her hair in showers on his broad back. "Where is thy master?" But this question was in her heart only, when she raised her head and he stood before her.

To describe the blushes that ensued, would require an imagination as vivid as that of Olo Bull's friend, the painter, who heard scarlet in certain tones of the violin. The tones of Philip Wentworth's voice produced a deep red color on Mary Austin's cheek, but we do not attempt to philosophize upon the fact. Our readers must make what they can of it.

"How did you come here?" was Mary's first coherent question.

"I came like Little Red Riding Hood, to see my grandmother," said Philip laughing; "but I find you have been beforehand with me, with your pot of butter, or custard, or something which has stolen away her heart, while I am away." And they went home together, arm in arm, after a fashion which would have made Mrs. Austin groan indeed, if she had been perched in one of the great oaks, looking on.

That evening, Mary never thought of writing to her mother, to tell of this unforeseen accident; but with morning came cool reflection, and she sat down and wrote a long dutiful letter, mentioning, just before the close, that Mr. Wentworth had arrived on a visit to his grandmother, Mrs. Ellery. This she knew would bring her parents post-haste; and when she had thus discharged her conscience, she was not very sorry when Mrs. Ellery informed her that as there was only a weekly mail, her letter could not reach Detroit in several days.

We do not pretend to have been present at all the conversations which may have passed between the two friends thus re-united, when they thought themselves far asunder. We dare say they had many adventures to relate, with descriptions of people they had met in their travels and such like topics. We have reason to believe they learned to understand each other very well; although we will answer for it that Wentworth was too much a man of honor to entrap the guileless Mary into an engagement without the sanction of her parents. He had been educated by old-fashioned people.

"There!" said Mrs. Austin to her husband, "you see, my dear, what your plan of trusting Mary to her own guidance has come to, at last! I told you so! I knew this would be the consequence! After all my care and anxiety, she is gone!" and the good lady dropt some natural tears.

"Gone! what are you thinking of, my dear? Instead of losing a daughter we have gained a son, and a capital fellow he is, too; honorable, considerate, and as fond of Mary as you can desire. All your care has met with its reward, and Philip will bear witness to the fact, a dozen years hence. Education has done its part admirably thus far, but now that nature has asserted her rights, it will go on more profitably than ever. Mary will be quite a woman by the time she is ready to be married!"

A RARE PATRIMONY. A young man of Norremberg who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family, where he was a daily visitor, and where there was an only daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady loved money, and asked him what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all.

"No," replied he, "none whatever."
"Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he should give you \$20,000 for it?"
"Not for all the world," replied the youth.
"This will," added the lawyer; "I had a reason for asking."

The next time he saw the girl's father, he said: "I have inquired about the young man's circumstances; he has, indeed, no ready money, but he has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused, \$20,000." This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; but it is said that, in the sequel, he often shook his head when he thought of the highly prized jewel.

Purify the Blood!
GOODWIN'S Indian Vegetable and Sarsaparilla Bitters, for the cure of jaundice, dyspepsia, constipation, bilious and liver complaints, indigestion, drowsiness, headache, cutaneous and acrofulous diseases, all arising from the blood, and general debility.

These bitters possess the great merit of being entirely vegetable in every component part. Sarsaparilla, that most insecticidal root, obtained from the tropical regions of South America, has long and justly been known and acknowledged by the medical world, as a most efficient purifier of the blood. In these bitters, it forms one of the most essential ingredients. The virtues of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla are extracted on the most scientific principles, and are combined in a highly concentrated form, with the most potent and salutary of the vegetable world, in such a perfect manner, that their united virtues, embodied in this preparation, are brought to operate on the stomach and bowels, producing a thorough cleansing of the whole system, speedily restoring it to its wonted tone and vigor. As a safe, pleasant and efficient tonic and aperient, as a mild and gentle, efficacious cathartic; in all cases of languor, drowsiness, general debility and depression of spirits so common in the spring and summer; in all cutaneous diseases, they will be found invaluable, cleansing the stomach, restoring strength, and consequently purifying the blood!

Certificates can be shown, and references given to individuals testifying to very many remarkable cures by the use of these bitters. In one word, try them faithfully, and if not satisfied, the money will be refunded.

Prepared only by GEO. C. GOODWIN, No. 76 Union St. Boston.

Sold by J. E. LADD and EBER FELLER, Augusta; B. Wales, Hallowell; A. T. Perkins and C. P. Branch, Gardiner; Wm. Dyer, Waterville; Stanley & Prince, Winthrop; M. C. Moulton, Wayne; J. Allen, Chesterville; George C. Colton, and G. Gage, Wilton; J. Bean and D. Wood, East Wilton; J. W. Perkins, Farmington; Thos. Caswell, Farmington Falls; Blanding & Dyer, New Sharon; Ira Thing, Mt. Vernon; F. Spencer, Readfield; Currier, and by agents generally throughout the State.

July 1st, 1846. If you 27

Haviland & Tuttle's Water Wheel.
THE subscribers have lately received a patent for their highly improved Water Wheel, and are prepared to receive orders for the various sizes required for manufacturing purposes. This wheel, which is constructed for the best application of water, will run equally well under water, and on its simplicity will be found to be the most valuable wheel in use. It is not subject to the inconveniences incident to many other wheels, with ice, but may be used at all seasons of the year. By means of an attached regulator this wheel can be so constructed as to be used to the best possible advantage, the amount of water, whether the quantity available be a spring freshet or a summer drought, and will operate precisely as well as if it was originally intended for the existing state of water while the wheel is in motion. It will be seen at once that this wheel possesses every requisite for a tide mill or any mill situated on a stream which is irregular in its head or amount of water.

It is rapidly finding favor with millwrights and others acquainted with machinery, and we confidently assert that we can furnish a wheel, which if placed by the side of any other wheel will be found to be by far the most economical and durable. It may be used on a horizontal or perpendicular shaft, and when constructed of cast iron, its equal for speed and power, (with any given quantity of water) is nowhere to be found. Individuals who are about purchasing are invited to examine this wheel, and the proprietors are so anxious of its popularity that if it does not fully answer the representations we will refund the money and at our own expense remove the wheel.

Information relative to this wheel can be obtained of B. F. CHANDLER, Patent Agent, Augusta, or WEBBER & HAVILAND, Manufacturers, Waterville, or EBER N. TUTTLE, Esq., Canaan.

Something New! No Humbug!!
Pitts' Corn and Cob Mill.
I NOW state, for the benefit of farmers, mill owners, feeding horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, that I have constructed a mill to grind corn and cobs, which is completely adapted to the wants of the farmers. It is simple, compact, durable, and not liable to get out of order. It occupies but little room, can be operated by horse, steam, or water power—requiring much less labor to do the work, than any other mill in the United States.

In commendation of my mill, the Editor of the "Colony," published at Albany, N. Y., says: "An admirable piece of machinery, and one that will be found to be of great utility to the farmer. It is well adapted to the work, and in case of injury, readily repaired. 2. Portability, occupying less space than the common gristmill used by farmers. 3. The facility with which it will grind corn and cobs in any condition; its peculiar construction enabling it to work equally well whether the corn is in a damp, green or dry state. 4. Its adaptability to grinding shelled corn, coffee, peas or beans without any change of gears. 5. The grain is not heated in being ground, thus depriving the flour of the meal to sour or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock."

The utility of grinding the corn and cobs together has long been established by actual experience, and the only reason why the practice has not become general, is because the difficulty of getting it properly ground, especially when overcome by the use of the above mentioned mill. Of experience, that the value of feed is increased by grinding the cob and corn together, and it is found to be much more healthy for the animal than corn without the cob. This, surely, is a great recommendation. I have ground more than 1000 bushels of ears of corn for different farmers in this vicinity, and all are well pleased with the feed, and pronounce the mill the greatest improvement for grinding cobs and corn that they have ever seen or heard of.

FOR SALE.
The "TITCOMB'S MILLS," situated about one mile from the Centre Village, Farmington, Me., are offered for sale on the most liberal terms by the subscribers. The above property consists of a gristmill and sawmill, with an excellent water privilege; also four or five acres of good tillage land. The gristmill has four runs of stones, and three bolters, (one of which is the Burr stone, with a superior lute) in its good repair, and is well adapted to the work. The saw mill is not surpassed by any in the county, for durability or share of output. For further particulars inquire of L. H. TITCOMB, Augusta, or of A. TITCOMB, on the premises, April 20, 1846.

Howard's Vegetable Cancer Syrup.
THIS SYRUP is for cleansing the blood of all humors, such as cancer, tumors, scurvy, erysipelas, and all humors proceeding from impurity of the blood. It can be taken with perfect safety, at all times, as it is composed of vegetables exclusively.

ROCKINGHAM MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., EXETER, N. H.
THIS office continues to insure dwelling houses, barns, stores, and other buildings; also merchandise and personal property generally, at the usual rates. The amount of Premium Notes, constituting the capital of the company, exceeds \$400,000. No property considered as insurable is now insured by the Office, and no more than \$2000 is now taken in any risk. By order of the directors, J. S. P. DILLINGHAM, Agent, Augusta, Feb. 20, 1846.

Robinson's Almanac for 1847.
FOR sale wholesale and retail by EDWARD FENNO, 40
Worcester Plows.
THE subscribers are now receiving Green Sward, Side Hill, and School Plows, manufactured by Rogers, Nourse & Mason, to which they invite the attention of farmers. Castings for the above plows constantly on hand. Augusta, Sept. 28. JOHN MEANS & SON.

I. H. MOORE'S BATHING ROOMS, Nearly opposite the Mansion House, State Street, Augusta.
ARE open for the reception of visitors from 7 o'clock A. M. until 9 P. M. each day of the week, (Sundays excepted.) N. B. Open Saturdays until 12 o'clock P. M. Wednesday of each week reserved exclusively for the Ladies. Augusta, Sept. 8, 1846.

JOHN A. HOLCOMB, No. 8 Arch Row, Augusta, agent for the sale of the Stewart's Patent Steam and Winter Air-tight Cooking Stoves.
Also a general assortment of stoves, hollow ware, Britannia and tin ware, shell goods, sheet lead, zinc, hardware, &c. 214
NO DECEPTION!
NOT a week passes away without we have to record some of the most astonishing cures of long continued asthma, incessant consumption, bleeding at the lungs, bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, and various diseases which the lungs and throat are subject to. FOLGER'S OLEOSTEOM or ALL-HEALING BALSAM. It has proved itself to be the best medicine ever offered to the public. Thousands have already testified to its efficacy, and have never found it to fail in curing the diseases for which it is recommended. It is for them to wait long in order to know whether it will be productive of good effects, or if they are assured that it is a powerful and good effect upon the sufferer, twenty bottles will not, and it is not therefore necessary that they should spend their money in vain.

BEWARE OF A SLIGHT COUGH. Although it is passed over as unimportant, it will soon become acute—consumption follows in its wake. Take heed to a pain in the side and soreness in the chest, especially if attended with raising of mucus, streaked with blood, or with any of the foregoing symptoms; but they are quickly and effectually overcome by the above remedy. Ask the sufferer from that distressing complaint, ASTHMA, what he thinks of Folger's Oleostome, or All-Healing Balsam, and he will tell you he cannot live comfortably without it. It relieves all that difficulty of breathing, cough, and tightness of the chest, gives quiet and refreshing sleep, and does for the asthmatic what no other remedy in the world has done. Witness the case of Henry Jackson, 13th street, near William Bond, the well known Boston cracker baker, Brooklyn; Mr. Wilkinson, Hoboken; Mrs. Bell, Morristown, N. J.; Mrs. Lucetta Wells, 322 Pearl street; W. C. Gowen, Woodstock, Ulster Co., N. Y.; Archibald, 35 White St. RAISING OF BLOOD is effectually checked by this remedy, when all other means have failed. Hundreds of cases might be related, where persons in the city have been given up and pronounced incurable, who have been restored by this great remedy to the enjoyment of health. Mrs. Thoulouze, 352 Monroe street; Dennis Kelly, 26 Water street; Charles Roberts, 171 Canal street; Henry Lindsay, 189 Livingston street; and hundreds of others have used the remedy can testify to the truth of the above. Beware of using only palliative remedies, they will into apparent security, but the progress of the disease is unchecked, and death ensues. Resort at once to this remedy, and you will not be disappointed in your hopes. For sale at 106 Nassau street, New York. Also at Augusta by J. E. LADD and EBER FELLER. Mr. Ladd will supply agents to sell again.